for ſweet *Iacke Falſtalffe*, kind *Iacke Falſtalffe*, true *Iacke Falſtalffe*, valiant *Iacke Falſtalffe*, and therefore more valiant, being as hee is old *Iacke Falſtalffe*, baniſh not him thy *Harries* company, baniſh not him thy *Harries* company; baniſh plumpe *Iacke*, and baniſh all the world.

Prin. I doe, I will. *Enter Bardoll running.*

Bar. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sheriefe, with a moſt monſtrous Watch is at the dore.

Fal. Out you rogue, play out the Play: I haue much to ſay in the behalfe of that *Falſtalffe*.

Enter the Hoſteſſe.

Hoſ. O Ieſu, my Lord, my Lord!

Falſ. Heigh, heigh, the diuell rides vpon a Fiddle-ſticke, what's the matter?

Hoſ. The Sherife and all the Watch are at the dore, they are come to ſearch the Houſe, ſhall I let them in?

Falſ. Doſt thou heare *Hal?* neuer call a true peece of Gold a Counterfeit, thou art eſſentially made, without ſeeming ſo.

Prince. And thou a naturall Coward, without inſtinct.

Falſ. I deny your Maior; if you will deny the Sherife, ſo, if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing vp: I hope I ſhall as ſoone be ſtrangled with a Halter as an other.

Prince. Goe hide thee behinde the Arras, the reſt walke vp aboue. Now my Maſters, for a true Face and good Conſcience.

Falſ. Both which I haue had; but their date is out, and therefore Ile hide me.

Prin. Call in the Sherife.

Enter Sherife and the Carrier.

Prin. Now maiſter Sherife, what is your will with me?

Sher. Firſt, pardon me my Lord. A hue and cry hath followed certaine men vnto this houſe.

Prince. What men?

Sher. One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lord, a groſſe fat man.

Car. As fat as Butter.

Prin. The man, I do aſſure you is not heere,
For I my ſelfe at this time haue employed him:

And

And Sherife, I will ingage my word to thee,
That I will by to morrow dinner time,
Send him to anſwere thee or any man,
For any thing he ſhall be charg'd withall,
And ſo let me intreate you leaue the houſe.

Sher. I will my Lord, there are two Gentlemen
Haue in this robbery loſt 300. markes.

Prince. It may be ſo: if he haue rob'd theſe men,
He ſhalbe anſwerable: and ſo farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble Lord.

Prin. I thinke it is good morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed my Lord, I thinke it be two a clocke. *Exit.*

Prince. This oyly raſcall is knowne as well as Poules: go call him forth.

Peto. Falſtalffe? faſt aſleepe behinde the Arras, and ſnorting like a horſe.

Prin. Harke how hard he fetches breath, ſearch his pockets.

He ſearcheth his pockets, and findeth certaine papers.

Prince. What haſt thou found?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my Lord.

Prince. Lets ſee what be they: reade them.

Item a Capon	ii.s.ii.d.
Item ſawce	iiii.d.
Item, Sacke, two gallons.	v.s.viii.d.
Item Anchoues and Sacke after Supper.	ii.s.vi.d.
Item bread.	ob.

O monſtrous, but one halfe peniworth of bread to this intolerable deale of Sacke: what there is elſe, keepe cloſe, weele reade it at more aduantage: there let him ſleep till day; Ile to the court in the morning. We muſt all to the warres, and thy place ſhalbe honourable. Ile procure this fat rogue a charge of foote, and I know his death will be a match of twelue ſcore; the money ſhall be payed backe againe with aduantage: be with mee betimes in the morning, and ſo good morrow *Peto.*

Peto. Good morrow, good my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horſpur, Worceſter, Lord Mortimer, Owen Glendower.

Mor. Theſe promiſes are faire, the parties ſure,

And